

Women with Ideas want a paper with Ideas; therefore read The Banner every week.

THE BELDING BANNER-NEWS MAGAZINE SECTION

No guess work when you use Banner Want Ads. They have brought satisfactory results

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 25, 1918

PAGE SIX

A True Blue Subscriber.

Horace Menke visited The Record office last Wednesday afternoon to pay his annual subscription, his 46th consecutive renewal of his home paper. Less than a half dozen men still survive who have had the paper as long as Mr. Menke. He came here in 1873 and one of the first things he did was to subscribe for The Record, as more new citizens should do. The Record was founded in 1872 and Mr. Menke began receiving it in August, 1873 so he is pretty familiar with the town's entire history. The paper appreciates such loyalty. Photograph, or Menke has built his career upon merit and he is still active and interested in his community's activities.—Howard City Record.

Oh, Horace, move down here. You're a jewel.

LONG LAKE

Ben Hall and son, Ray, returned from their fruit farm at Freepoint last Tuesday.

Floyd Mikesell and Ben Hall attended the Grand Rapids fair Thursday.

Mrs. Phoebe McConnell spent last Thursday in Belding.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Merriett were in Ionia last Wednesday and Saturday.

Arabelle Hall spent Sunday with Mary Whitford and Virginia Hall spent Sunday with Helena Schultz.

Long Lake has lost two good friends and neighbors the past week, Mrs. Ney Olmsted and Mr. Moses Amphlett and we extend our deepest

sympathy to both families.

The Chittell school was closed on Thursday and Friday on account of the teachers' institute at Ionia. Miss Kennedy, the teacher, went to her home in Portland Wednesday night. Several hunters and fishermen were here for over Sunday and occupied the Green cottage.

Miss Elizabeth Sontag of Belding was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dodson and family over Sunday.

Grandpa Lamberton had as his guests over Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wisman of Fostoria, Ohio.

Stomach Misery

Get Rid of That Sourness, Gas and Indigestion.

When your stomach is out of order or run down, your food doesn't digest. It ferments in your stomach and forms gas which causes sourness, heartburn, foul breath, pain at pit of stomach and many other miserable symptoms. Mi-o-na stomach tablets will give joyful relief in five minutes; if taken regularly for two weeks they will turn your flabby, sour, tired out stomach into a sweet, energetic, perfect working one.

You can't be very strong and vigorous if your food only half digests. Your appetite will go and nausea, dizziness, biliousness, nervousness, sick headache and constipation will follow. Mi-o-na stomach tablets are small and easy to swallow and are guaranteed to banish indigestion and any or all of the above symptoms or money back. For sale by Wortley & French and all leading druggists.—Adv.



"OVER THE TOP" AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT ARTHUR GUY EMPEY MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Fired by the news of the sinking of the Lusitania by a German submarine, Arthur Guy Empey, an American, leaves his office in Jersey City and goes to England where he enlists in the British army.

CHAPTER II—After a period of training, Empey volunteers for immediate service and soon finds himself in rest billets "somewhere in France," where he first makes the acquaintance of the over-present "cottons."

CHAPTER III—Empey attends his first church services at the front while a German Fokker circles over the congregation.

CHAPTER IV—Empey's command goes into the front-line trenches and is under fire for the first time.

CHAPTER V—Empey learns to adopt the motto of the British Tommy, "If you are going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry."

CHAPTER VI—Back in rest billets, Empey gets his first experience as a mess orderly.

CHAPTER VII—Empey learns how the British soldiers are fed.

One of the boys on my gun claimed that he could play a tune while the gun was actually firing, and demonstrated this fact one day on the target range. We were very enthusiastic and decided to become musicians.

After constant practice I became quite expert in the tune entitled "All Conductors Have Big Feet."

When I had mastered this tune, our two weeks' rest came to an end, and once again we went up the line and took over the sector in front of G-wood.

At this point the German trenches ran around the base of a hill, on the top of which was a dense wood. This wood was infested with machine guns, which used to traverse our lines at will, and sweep the streets of a little village, where we were billeted while in reserve.

There was one gun in particular which used to get our goats, it had the exact range of our "elephant" dugout entrance, and every morning, about the time rations were being brought up, its bullets would knock up the dust on the road; more than one Tommy went West or to Blighty by running into them.

This gun got our nerves on edge, and Fritz seemed to know it, because he never gave us an hour's rest. Our reputation as machine gunners was at stake; we tried various ruses to locate and put this gun out of action, but each one proved to be a failure, and Fritz became a worse nuisance than ever. He was getting fresher and more careless every day, took all kinds of liberties with us—thought he was invincible.

Then one of our crew got a brilliant idea and we were all enthusiastic to put it to the test.

Here was his scheme:

When firing my gun, I was to play my tune, and Fritz, no doubt, would fall for it, try to imitate me as an added insult. This gunner and two others would try, by the sound, to locate Fritz and his gun. After having got the location, they would mount two machine guns in trees, in a little clump of woods to the left of our cemetery, and while Fritz was in the middle of his lesson, would open up and trust to luck. By our calculations, it would take at least a week to pull off the stunt.

If Fritz refused to swallow our bait, it would be impossible to locate his special gun, and that's the one we were after, because they all sound alike, a slow pup-pup-pup.

Our prestige was hanging by a thread. In the battalion we had to endure all kinds of insults and fresh remarks as to our ability in silencing Fritz. Even to the battalion that German gun was a sore spot.

Next day, Fritz opened up as usual. I let him fire away for a while and then butted in with my "pup-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup." I kept this up quite a while, used two belts of ammunition. Fritz had stopped firing to listen. Then he started in; sure enough, he had fallen for our game, his gun was trying to imitate mine, but at first he made a horrible mess of that tune. Again I butted in with a few bars and stopped. Then he tried to copy what I had played. He was a good sport all right, because his bullets were going away over our heads, must have been firing into the air. I commenced to feel friendly toward him.

This duet went on for five days. Fritz was a good pupil and learned rapidly, in fact, got better than his teacher. I commenced to feel jealous. When he had completely mastered the tune, he started sweeping the road again and we clicked it worse than ever. But he signed his death warrant by doing so, because my friendship turned to hate. Every time he fired he played that tune and we danced.

The boys in the battalion gave us the "Ha! Ha!" They weren't in on our little frame-up.

The originator of the ruse and the other two gunners had Fritz's location taped to the minute; they mounted their two guns, and also gave me the range. The next afternoon was set for the grand finale.

Our three guns, with different elevations, had their fire so arranged, that, opening up together, their bullets would suddenly drop on Fritz like a hailstorm.

About three the next day, Fritz started "pup-pupping" that tune. I blew a sharp blast on a whistle, it was the signal agreed upon; we turned loose and Fritz's gun suddenly stopped in the middle of a bar. We had cooked his goose, and our ruse had worked. After firing two belts each, to make sure of our job, we hurriedly dismounted our guns and took cover in the dugout. We knew what to expect soon. We didn't have to wait long, three salvos of "whizz-bangs" came over from Fritz's artillery, a further confirmation that we had sent that musical machine-gunner on his Westward-bound journey.

That gun never bothered us again. We were the heroes of the battalion, our captain congratulated us, said it was a neat piece of work, and, consequently, we were all puffed up over the stunt.

There are several ways Tommy uses to disguise the location of his machine gun and get his range. Some of the most commonly used stunts are as follows:

At night, when he mounts his gun over the top of his trench and wants to get the range of Fritz's trench he adopts the method of what he terms "getting the sparks." This consists of firing bursts from his gun until the bullets hit the German barbed wire. He can tell when they are cutting the wire, because a bullet when it hits a wire throws out a blue electric spark. Machine-gun fire is very damaging to wire and causes many a wiring party to go out at night when it is quiet to repair the damage.

To disguise the flare of his gun at night when firing, Tommy uses what is called a flare protector. This is a stove-pipe arrangement which fits over the barrel casing of the gun and screens the sparks from the right and left, but not from the front. So Tommy, always resourceful, adopts this scheme: About three feet or less in front of the gun he

drives two stakes into the ground, about five feet apart. Across these stakes he stretches a curtain made out of empty sandbags ripped open. He soaks this curtain in water and fires through it. The water prevents it catching fire and effectively screens the flare of the firing gun from the enemy.

Sound is a valuable asset in locating a machine gun, but Tommy surmounts this obstacle by placing two machine guns about one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards apart. The gun on the right to cover with its fire the sector of the left gun and the gun on the left to cover that of the right gun. This makes their fire cross; they are fired simultaneously.

By this method it sounds like one gun firing and gives the Germans the impression that the gun is firing from a point midway between the guns which are actually firing, and they accordingly shell that particular spot. The machine gunners chuckle and say, "Fritz is a brainy boy, not 'alf he ain't."

But the men in our lines at the spot being shelled curse Fritz for his ignorance and pass a few pert remarks down the line in reference to the machine gunners being "windy" and afraid to take their medicine.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Gas Attacks and Spies.

Three days after we had silenced Fritz, the Germans sent over gas. It did not catch us unawares, because the wind had been made to order, that is, it was blowing from the German trenches toward ours at the rate of about five miles per hour.

Warnings had been passed down the trench to keep a sharp lookout for gas. We had a new man at the periscope,

on this afternoon as question; I was sitting on the fire step, cleaning my rifle, when he called out to me:

"There's a sort of greenish, yellow cloud rolling along the ground out in front, it's coming—"

But I waited for no more, grabbing my bayonet, which was detached from the rifle, I gave the alarm by banging an empty shell case, which was hanging near the periscope. At the same instant, gas started ringing down the trench, the signal for Tommy to don his respirator, or smoke helmet, as we call it.

Gas travels quickly, so you must not lose any time; you generally have about eighteen or twenty seconds in which to adjust your gas helmet.

A gas helmet is made of cloth, treated with chemicals. There are two windows, or glass eyes, in it, through which you can see. Inside there is a rubber-covered tube, which goes in the mouth. You breathe through your nose; the gas, passing through the cloth helmet, is neutralized by the action of the chemicals. The foul air is exhaled through the tube in the mouth, this tube being so constructed that it prevents the inhaling of the outside air or gas. One helmet is good for five hours of the strongest gas. Each Tommy carries two of them slung around his shoulder in a waterproof canvas bag. He must wear this bag at all times, even while sleeping. To change a defective helmet, you take out the new one, hold your breath, pull the old one off, placing the new one over your head, tucking in the loose ends under the collar of your tunic.

For a minute, pandemonium reigned in our trench—Tommy adjusting their helmets, bombers running here and there, and men turning out of the dugouts with fixed bayonets, to man the fire step.

Re-enforcements were pouring out of the communication trenches.

Our gun's crew were busy mounting the machine gun on the parapet and bringing up extra ammunition from the dugout.

German gas is heavier than air and soon fills the trenches and dugouts, where it has been known to lurk for two or three days, until the air is purified by means of large chemical sprayers.

We had to work quickly, as Fritz generally follows the gas with an infantry attack.

A company man on our right was too slow in getting on his helmet; he sank to the ground, clutching at his throat, and after a few spasmodic twistings went West (died). It was horrible to see him die, but we were powerless to help him. In the corner of a traverse, a little muddy cur dog, one of the company's pets, was lying dead, with his paws over his nose.

It's the animals that suffer the most—the horses, mules, cattle, dogs, cats and rats—they having no helmets to save them. Tommy does not sympathize with rats in a gas attack.

At times gas has been known to travel, with dire results, fifteen miles behind the lines.

A gas, or smoke helmet, as it is called, at the best is a vile-smelling thing, and it is not long before one gets a violent headache from wearing it.

Our eighteen-pounders were bursting in No Man's Land, in an effort, by the artillery, to disperse the gas clouds.

The fire step was lined with crouching men, bayonets fixed, and bombs near at hand to repel the expected attack.

Our artillery had put a barrage of curtain fire on the German lines, to try and break up their attack and keep back re-enforcements.

I trained my machine gun on their trench and its bullets were raking the parapet.

Then over they came, bayonets glinting. In their respirators, which have a large snout in front, they looked like some horrible nightmare.

All along our trench, rifles and machine guns spoke, our shrapnel was bursting over their heads. They went down in heaps, but new ones took the places of the fallen. Nothing could stop that mad rush. The Germans reached our barbed wire, which had previously been demolished by their shells, then it was bomb against bomb, and the devil for all.

Suddenly my head seemed to burst from a loud "crack" in my ear. Then my head began to swim, throat got dry, and a heavy pressure on the lungs warned me that my helmet was leaking. Turning by gun over to No. 2, I changed helmets.

The trench started to wind like a snake, and sandbags appeared to be floating in the air. The noise was horrible; I sank onto the fire step, needles seemed to be pricking my flesh, then blackness.

I was awakened by one of my mates removing my smoke helmet. How delicious that cool, fresh air felt in my lungs.

A strong wind had arisen and dispersed the gas.

They told me that I had been "out" for three hours; they thought I was dead.

The attack had been repulsed after a hard fight. Twice the Germans had gained a foothold in our trench, but had been driven out by counter-attacks. The trench was filled with their dead and ours. Through a periscope I counted eighteen dead Germans in our wire; they were a ghastly sight in their horrible-looking respirators.

I examined my first smoke helmet. A bullet had gone through it on the left side, just grazing my ear. The gas had penetrated through the hole

made in the cloth.

Out of our crew of six we lost two killed and two wounded.

That night we buried all of the dead, excepting those in No Man's Land. In death there is not much distinction; friend and foe are treated alike.

After the wind had dispersed the gas the R. A. M. C. got busy with their chemical sprayers, spraying out the dugouts and low parts of the trenches to dissipate any fumes of the German gas which may have been lurking in same.

Two days after the gas attack I was sent to division headquarters, in answer to an order requesting that captains of units should detail a man whom they thought capable of passing an examination for the divisional intelligence department.

Before leaving for this assignment I went along the front-line trench saying good-bye to my mates and bidding them over them, telling them that I had

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

West Otisco Farmers' Club.
Our next meeting will be Thursday evening, Oct. 3 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Travis. Supper consisting of potato salad, sandwiches, cake and fruit with coffee, each one bringing what sugar they want for their coffee. Program: Song by the club; recitation, Dorothy Reeves; song, Ben Carpenter; reading, Mrs. Frank Belding; topic, "Shall we have gasoline cards or gasless Sundays?", led by Orley Emmets.

Nellie Ross, Secretary.

Bombard boches by buying bonds.



A Gas Helmet.

clicked a cushy job behind the lines, and how sorry I felt that they had to stay in the front line and argue out the war with Fritz. They were envious but still good-natured, and as I left the trench to go to the rear they shouted after me:

(Continued Next Week)



Black Silk Stove Polish

Is not only most economical, but it gives a brilliant, silky lustre that cannot be obtained with any other polish. Black Silk Stove Polish does not rub off—it lasts four times as long as ordinary polish—so it saves you time, work and money.

Don't forget—when you want stove polish, be sure to ask for Black Silk. If it isn't the best stove polish you ever used—your dealer will refund your money.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works, Sterling, Illinois. Use Black Silk Air Drying Iron Compound on grates, registers, stove-pipes, and automobile fire rims. Prevents rusting. Try it.

Use Black Silk Metal Polish for silverware, nickel, tinware or brass. It works quickly, easily and leaves a brilliant surface. It has no equal for use on automobiles.

Get a Can TODAY

STOVES STOVES

The largest line of Soft Coal and Wood Heaters we have ever shown.

BELDING HDWE. CO.

PHONE 156

BRIDGE ST.

If you haven't tried our Pastry Flour you have missed something. No substitutes required.

5 pound sack

40c

Anyone who has tried it will recommend it.

CHAPMAN & STRUNK

Phone 61

FARM PRODUCE

ALWAYS In the market for your Beans, Wheat, Rye, Potatoes etc.

P. H. Maloney & Co.

Formerly Purdy's Elevator.

Phone 164 - - Belding, Michigan

Wars are won with metal—save it.

Iron and steel are needed for tanks, guns, ammunition, ships, railroads, etc. Folks at home must save iron and steel to help win the war.

Use the old range until after the war.

Make your old range do a little longer by having it repaired. If it's past repairing, then the next best step is to buy the range that saves fuel, food and repairs. The Majestic's heat-tight riveting prevents fuel waste; its perfect baking prevents food waste, and its unbreakable malleable iron and rust-resisting charcoal iron make repairs a rare need.

T. FRNAK IRELAND CO.

Caution: If your Majestic needs new parts, get them from us. We will supply you with genuine Majestic materials—not light, inferior parts, made by scoundrels.

Great Majestic

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

It's no longer necessary to go into the details describing the practical merits of the Ford car—everybody knows all about "The Universal Car." How it goes and comes day after day and year after year at an operating expense so small that it's wonderful. This advertisement is to urge prospective buyers to place orders without delay as the war has produced conditions which may interfere with normal production. Buy a Ford car when you can get one. We'll take good care of your order—get your Ford to you soon as—and give the best in "after-service" when required.

WISE & COBB

Phone 114 Belding, Michigan.